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**THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC,
AS CONNECTED WITH THE VIOLATION
OF THE DECALOGUE.**

BY A METHODIST MINISTER.

CHAPTER VII.

**THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.
"Thou shalt not kill."**

"One blow, and life is gone;
One grasp—'tis over now,
The blood streams fast from the gaping side,
And pallid is the brow;
The cold dead eyes are staring wide,
Ah! murderer—where art thou?"

Men of distinguished character, decided talent and possessing a very extensive knowledge of theology, define murder to be something more than an unprovoked, and direct attack upon one's person, whereby he is deprived of life. A most excellent writer and theologian, uses the following language, with reference to the sixth commandment. Besides the direct act of murder, every thing that leads to it, or has a tendency to endanger life, is to be considered as forbidden. All unkind and harsh treatment towards servants, dependants and brute animals, by which life may be shortened or rendered intolerable—all furious and revengeful passions which may lead to acts of violence—all quarrelling and fighting, either for bets, or the gratification of hatred or revenge—all wishes for the death of others, and all contrivances either direct or indirect to compass the destruction of our neighbor—all criminal negligence by which our own life or the life of others may be endangered or destroyed—and all those actions by which murder may be committed as a probable effect, as the burning of inhabited houses, and the throwing of the instruments of death into the midst of a crowd—are to be regarded as involving the principle of murder, as well as the direct acts of suicide, duelling and assassination.

Perhaps the above view of the subject will not meet with a very welcome reception; but it is sustained by the law of God. Now St. Paul uses this language: "Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer." Is not hatred the parent of all those acts and dispositions, referred to in the above quoted remarks? Evidently love can have nothing to do with them. Suppose I and my family were in a house, and a distant part of that house were to take fire, and a friend were to warn me of my danger, but at the same time, another individual were to tell me that there was no danger; or even keep silence, but at the same time, be feeding the flame with some combustible substance, that he might get the old iron and rubbish of the building, after it shall have been consumed: were I, and my family thus to fill a fiery grave, would not that man be considered as my enemy: yea, farther, would he not be considered as my murderer? Has not the tenement of many a mortal taken fire, and has not that flame been fed by the liquor dealer? And for what? The little trash he may have, or may leave behind when he is consumed. How can the liquor venter indulge any other thought, than that his daily employment is of a murderous character? The word of God is the rule by which to determine the quality of a moral action; therefore, if he is condemned thereby as a murderer, he must abide it.

This subject may be viewed in a twofold light; he deals in a liquid by which men are killed; and men when under the influence of that liquid, commit murder. We shall endeavor to present the subject to you in this light, in its further prosecution, which involves the venter of spirituous liquors, directly and indirectly. It is too evident, that Alcohol possesses no nourishing ingredient, it is never digested. The testimony of a host of Medical men declare that alcohol is a poison, and when taken into the stomach, tends to destroy life. He then, who for the sake of gain, panders to the appetites of men, by giving them this poison, acts with no kind reference to the life of his fellow creatures; but must be looked upon as greatly contributing to his death. See that liquor dealer, as is often the case, as he sells his pernicious fluid to the half dead drunkard while he is aware that his family are destitute of the most ordinary comforts of life. What does this indicate? Does he not evince a strong disposition to seize the few coppers in the trembling hand of the poor inebriate, whether he, or his family live or die? Men may consider me harsh,

and enter their protest against such an accusation, declaring that though they sell ardent spirits, it is with sorrow that they contemplate the conduct of the drunkard, or the condition of his family. This alters not the matter and cannot relieve them, because their actions deny their words.

But let us illustrate this subject farther, by reference to two instances; one recorded in the book of God, and the other of frequent occurrence in our country.—The instance to which I would first direct your attention, is recorded in the 11th Chapter of II Samuel. We are told that David sent Joab and his servants to fight against the children of Ammon, but he tarried at Jerusalem. "And it came to pass, in an eventide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house, and there he saw a woman," with whom he became enamored, even to a grossly criminal extent. But she was the wife of another man; and how should he secure her as his wife? The woman's husband was with Joab, on the battle-field. David sent for Uriah, and after detaining him at Jerusalem for a while, sent him back to the army with a letter from the king to Joab. What was the import of that letter? Why, that Joab should put Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, that there might be the greatest probability that he would be killed. His object was accomplished; and Uriah fell, as a brave man, fighting for him who desired his wife, and was willing that he should lose his life, in order to gratify that desire. After the death of Uriah, David took Bathsheba to his own house. Soon after this sad and disgraceful occurrence, God sent his Prophet, Nathan, unto David, and he declared these words unto him: "There were two men in one City, the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks, but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him and with his children: it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his own bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfarer man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man, and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die, and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said unto David—'THOU ART THE MAN.' And now Nathan, after recounting God's goodness to him, said, 'Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord to do evil in his sight? Thou hast killed Uriah, the Hittite, with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon.'

Now, it is evident from the divine record, that David wanted Uriah's wife, and the most successful way to get her, was to let him suffer death by the hand of the Ammonites; then of course all would think that he fell as many had done before. But notwithstanding he was at Jerusalem when Uriah died, yet, in the sight of God, he was a murderer. This he admitted, before he discovered that Nathan's remarks were applicable to him. Now, I ask, does the liquor dealer sustain a less criminal relation to the Sixth Commandment, than David? It is true the venter may not want the wife of the drunkard; but his money is the Bathsheba which he so much desires, and he is aware that the only way to secure it is to supply him with poison. The liquor dealer lusts to such an extent after his Bathsheba, that he is willing the drunkard should drink even to death. Uriah was slain by the sword of the Ammonites, but God charged David with the murder.—The drunkard falls groaning and dying, by the sword of liquid vengeance, and will not God charge him, the venter, with the murder? Who can doubt it? The rum-seller may say, that he does not coerce men, that they drink because they will. Neither did David compel the Ammonites to slay Uriah, but he knew that they would do it; and by that means he could get his wife. The venter of spirituous liquors know that men will drink, and that it is a means by which he can get their money. David was glad of an opportunity of placing Uriah in a situation that would deprive him of life; that he might gain his wife. The liquor venter dare not deny, but that he is delighted when his shop or bar room is filled with customers; because he can empty their pockets, and enlarge the dimensions of his coffers. Despite of all that he may say of his love for, and adherence to the principle of humanity, yet is it not clear, that he is perfectly willing, that men should die from drunkenness, if he can advance his pecuniary interest thereby?

I will relate the following incident which came under my own observation. A few years ago, while traveling beside the Rail Road, running through a section of country, I discovered a train of cars in the distance rapidly approaching. Just before me there was a drinking establishment, and as the cars came bearing down with speed, I saw a young man run out from the drinking house towards the rapidly moving train, for

what purpose, I knew not at the time, and we saw him no more till the cars had passed us, then we saw him arise to his feet from the track, with his right arm most horribly mangled. He was intoxicated, and in attempting to get on the cars, made a misstep, and fell under the wheel with his arm across the track, which was crushed at the elbow to atoms. We saw him with streaming blood, the mangled limb shaking by his side, and with bitter lamentations, as he ran back to the house at which he had secured the accursed beverage. I saw the proprietor standing at the door, when the young man entered his yard, and instead of taking him to his house, and kindly administering to his relief, so far as he might have been able, he peremptorily forbade his entrance, and compelled him to remain in the yard, bleeding and crying that he was ruined. At this time I rode up, and told them that it was shameful conduct and that they ought to take care of him. After a while they sent him home in an old cart. I felt indignant at such cold hearted inhumanity. But is not this an instance of ordinary character, when compared with other instances connected with the traffic? The other instance to which I referred as of frequent occurrence, is this. Many lives have been lost on our waters by steamboat explosions; and they frequently occur through negligence, and in all such cases, is not the Captain or proprietor of the boat in the eye of the civil law, a murderer? Are not Captains of steamboats often arraigned and tried before the bar of their country, for neglect in such cases? Suppose the Captain of a boat puts on more steam than is allowed, or than the boiler can bear, and an explosion takes place, is he not held as a murderer, even in the absence of civil law? Would he not be considered as such, even liquor dealers "themselves being judges?" Even if his passengers in an excited moment, should request him to force his boat, he is by no means relieved. I have no doubt but liquor vendors have condemned the course of such men frequently, as murderers. Self interest almost invariably prompts such men, on our seas and rivers, and they ought to be held accountable.—Now is the relation which liquor dealers sustain to the sixth commandment, less criminal than in the case of those men referred to above? Certainly not. Are they not neglectful and indifferent, respecting the life of the poor inebriate? Yea, does he not sell him the very poison by which he is deprived of his life? The only difference between the destructive conduct of the proprietor of a steamboat, and the proprietor of a liquor establishment, is this, one hurries in a moment, a multitude into eternity, and the other drags a multitude of unhappy creatures for a number of years through the streets of the city of vice and woe; and then buries them in the potter's field. With reference to the violation of the sixth commandment, I would say to the liquor dealer as Nathan said to David: *thou art the man.*

Not only is the trafficker connected directly, but indirectly, with the violation of this precept of the moral law. What I mean by this assertion is, that they deal out to their fellow men a beverage, under the influence of which, they are induced to commit murder in the most horrid form. Paricide, fratricide, infanticide, and homicide; all have grown out of the traffic in ardent spirits. A drink is administered by the vendor to his fellow mortal, by which he is made all a demon incarnate, and wife, children, father, mother, friend, have fallen under the death dealing stroke of his arm, and at his feet lay weltering in their blood. Go to your Court Houses, and behold that pale, miserable, haggard person, as he stands at the bar of his country—gaze upon him as he is compelled to listen to the rehearsal of his bloody deeds, committed during a fit of drunkenness, and ask how came he there. Go to the gloomy prison, and behold its unhappy inmates, awaiting the day of their execution, and ask the cause of their wretchedness and woe. Go to the spot of execution, and behold that doomed culprit, and ask him why he stands beneath the disgraceful gallows; and all will freely acknowledge, that it was through the influence of the traffic, that they were degraded and ruined. 'Ah, there comes up a voice from beneath the miserable gallows, in sepulchral tones, I attribute my most unfortunate, and intensely degraded end, to the use of intoxicating liquors; but I was deluded; the bar room, the grog shop has ruined me. When I entered the venter's establishment, and placed the sparkling beverage to my lips, with an unsuspecting heart, 'twas then, I got upon the stream which glided away slowly; and might then have been resisted; but soon ah, very soon, I was borne off with rapid, and accelerated velocity, and now I am about to plunge the gulph of death, and will soon be furiously dashed against the rocks, that lie concealed under its awfully agitated bosom, and must float an eternal wreck upon the boundless ocean of fire.

O, Liquor Dealer, have you not caused your fellow mortal to drink deep, when in drinking, he has been the murderer of those whom he loved? 'Tis unnecessary to refer to prisons, poor houses, which have been filled by the murderous acts of drunkards. Enough has been said to show, that the venter of ardent spirits, is guilty of a violation of this item of the divine law. In conclusion, let me entreat the merciless trafficker, to reflect upon those murderous scenes which have resulted from his daily business. Let him remember that he is scattering a barn-

ing curse abroad in the land, withering the prospects, and consuming the lives of his fellow men; and sending thousands yearly to their graves, and to hell. O, listen to the voice that comes up from the drunken murderer's grave, and that of his murdered family and friends, in dolorous notes: *"Thou shalt not kill!"*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"But chief she loves the scenes of deep delusion,
When revelry and dance, and frantic song
Disturb the sleep of honest men. And where
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,
And urged him still to fill another cup."

"This commandment is to be viewed as comprehending within its prohibition, every species of lewdness, both in word, thought and action; as adultery, fornication, incest, polygamy, &c., and also all those licentious desires and affections from which such actions proceed. In this comprehensive sense it is explained by our Saviour, in his sermon on the Mount, and by the Apostles, in their letters to the Christian Churches. As the Saviour and his apostles are referred to in the above remarks, we will quote their language upon the subject. Says Christ: 'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, "Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart.' Says Paul: 'Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.—Peter speaks as follows: 'Having eyes full of adultery, that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls. We add one more quotation from Paul. Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor effeminate, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

The law of chastity is one which should be held sacred; and one to which all should adhere with the most scrupulous tenacity; for the indulgence of a simple unchaste, or impure thought, may lead to the most aggravated violation of the seventh commandment, the most degrading results. This we presume no one will doubt. Knowing the pauperism, confusion, contention, misery, and blood shed, which is pronounced by the violation of the law of chastity, does it not become every virtuous man, and good citizen, to detect the very idea of having any connexion with this prominent sin of our country. And yet we are compelled to admit, that there is a very intimate connexion existing between the traffic in ardent spirits and this abominable sin. By allying to this subject, I may subject myself to the charge of imprudence and infelicity; but this a feature of the traffic, that I do not now remember to have seen set forth; its horrid deformity ought to be exhibited to the gaze of the world, to the confusion and condemnation of all concerned. If the fact alluded to above actually exists, then I should prove recreant to the high trust committed to me, were I not to expose it.

Awed by mortal frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high!
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thin'st my anger bear?
Shall I to soothe the unholty throag,
Soft'n thy truth, and smooth my tongue?

No! I will try to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; then we shall be clear in the matter. Now I mean to assert, that the immediate, direct and unwavering tendency of liquor vending, is to prepare man for the violation of this precept, in the grossest forms. When the unfortunate man receives the fatal draught at the hand of the venter, by which he becomes intoxicated, is he not in a situation to give unrestrained indulgence to his passions? The poisonous draught that is dealt out to him, divests him of judgment, and dethrones reason; and when these are gone what has he left, by which to be governed; by which to control his sensual nature.—Hence, men have violated the seventh commandment when intoxicated, in the most abominable and detestable manner; and when judgment has regained its position, and reason ascended the throne, the remembrance of their wickedness, has come upon them like a mighty torrent, well nigh overwhelming them. I do not mean to say, that this precept would never be violated, if men did not traffic in ardent spirits, or become intoxicated, any more than they would break every other precept of the moral law; but I mean to say, that the instances would be comparatively few. There are men who, perhaps, would shudder at the thought of committing such a crime when sober, but under the deranging influence of ardent spirits, unhesitatingly yield; he would be borne away in the absence of reason, by the fiery stream of passion, into this sin, in the most despicable shape. Instances have occurred, in which the intoxicated father, with demon-like purpose has sought to blast the spotless virtue of his daughter. Who can suppose that, that father, when sober, would have indulged such a base, and devilish purpose?—No, he would have turned from the thought as soon as from the mouth of the death-dealing cannon. The liquor dealer's beverage transformed the kind father into a hellish fiend; and the man into a hog. The liquor business has sent forth a most pernicious, demoralizing, and degrading influence. Many a foul blot, and abominable stigma, has been entailed upon the innocent for generations.

How many a genteel and talented young man, is subjected to the mortification, of acknowledging to the negro who performs the meanest drudgery, and who is sunk into the depths of degradation and ignorance, as his half brother, through the influence of a drunken father, made so by the rum-seller? Go, stand beside that miserable group in the Tavern bar-room, or grog shop; listen to their conversation, is it chaste and useful? By no means; but there is poured forth an effusion, full and abundant, of most licentious sentiments, and every one seems ambitious to exceed his fellow, in connecting vulture-like schemes; and relating foul and lustsome incidents. There is a stench emanating and going forth, from such an association, most contaminating in its nature.—Who can doubt this? And does not the liquor venter, to all intents, contribute to the violation of the seventh commandment? Is it not violated in thought, deed and word? This is beyond contradiction. Who can deny but the path from the grog shop, and tavern to the house of ill-fame, is a beaten track! The young man is bound to pace this track, till he is deluged in woe and shame. O! what a miserable connection between these two houses. As hard as the venter may struggle to get out of this polluted predicament, yet it were all ineffectual, except by giving up the accursed traffic. When you find a community, addicted to habits at war with this precept, it is there you find drunkenness prevailing, and of course the tavern and grog shop greatly patronized. The free use of ardent spirits and the commission of the sin forbidden by this commandment, in a great many if not with but few exceptions; go hand in hand. Is it not the frequent occasion of gross seduction? Behold fair virtue prostrate and bleeding, speak to her, and with piteous cries she points to her destroyer; turn to him, and he immediately points you to the tavern bar-room, and grog shop. Who can deny this? And has the traffic no connection with such inhuman deeds? O! how deep and dark the stains of pollution made upon man's moral nature; and how has the fair name of nature been blasted and withered to ruin and infamy, by the unfeeling practice of liquor dealing.

Look abroad upon our land and see what a host of illegitimate children; and are not the indolent, reckless, lawless, peace-disturbing part of the community, constituted from this class of beings? And what an expense to the country are such characters, and how do such retard the progress of our country in knowledge, virtue and usefulness. Trace this polluted stream in all its meanderings, and you will find its source in the traffic of ardent spirits. O! how unfortunate the occupation of that man, who is engaged in preparing his fellow man for low, and vile indulgence. What a God-proving, soul-degrading avocation. Liquor dealer, you had better beg your bread from door to door, than to be the first to move in shaking your fellow men, so low in the scale of morality, as to be on a level with the brute. O! how vastly low does he stoop, in lending himself to so much vile corruption? O! stop, reflect, and aid no longer in spreading adultery over our happy land.
(To be continued.)

Choice Literature.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY LYDIA J. PIENSON.

Lucy Lee was a very sweet and innocent village girl, handsome, modest and kind hearted. When she was seventeen years old, she became acquainted with a young man, the son of a wealthy merchant, in a neighboring city, of whom Mr. Lee's family were in the habit of purchasing their groceries. The acquaintance did not speedily ripen into love. Lucy did not think of marriage.—She was very happy at home, and had no wish to leave the dear ones there, for a home amongst strangers. After awhile it became evident that Alfred Bailey admired her much; and she learned to prefer his society.

In two years they were decided lovers. Lucy's young heart had been all this time reaching out its tendrils, and taking hold of his apparent excellency and affection until now there was no way to disregard them, but to tear them asunder. She wondered how it could be possible that love could have grown up on her nature, strong enough to draw her from her father's house, with all its old associations and holy affections. Yet when Mr. Bailey asked her to become his wife and forsake all for him, she had no course to refuse him. So they were plighted, and the lover gave his bride elect, many splendid articles of dress and ornaments, so that all her young companions envied her happy lot. But Lucy was sad when she thought of going from her dear friends, relying on the sole protection of one who was comparatively a stranger. In three months the marriage was to be solemnized, and Mr. Bailey was finishing and furnishing a handsome house in the city, for he was acting partner in his father's business. At this time Lucy heard that a poor girl had come to the village, in the stage, but too ill to proceed had been left at the tavern, where she was lying, without friends or money. I will go and see her, Lucy said, perhaps I can do something for her. So

she put some night clothes, and delicacies in a basket, and went directly to the hotel. The poor girl was delirious, and in a burning fever. Lucy had the doctor sent for, and having made the poor girl comfortable, for she was lying in a travelling dress, she sat down beside her. The doctor was from home, and Lucy done such things as her experience warranted, for the relief of the sufferer. Early in the morning the doctor arrived, and as an eruption began to appear, he declared the girl had the small-pox. Lucy was very much distressed, as none of her family had ever had the disease; but the doctor said he would inoculate them all directly, and provide nurses so that the disease should not spread. Lucy went home very sorrowful. Every precaution was taken, but the fears of the family were increased by the death of the poor lone girl, occasioned as the doctor declared, by exposure, during the primary fever of the disease. The day the stranger was buried, Lucy Lee took to her bed. Notice of the state of affairs was sent to Mr. Bailey, that he might not expose himself by calling at the house, during the season of infection. Lucy was very sick, for several days delirious, and covered with eruption. Other members of the family suffered severely from inoculation, but the good doctor, and the nurses, were indefatigable, and after a few days they were all convalescent.

When Lucy was able to open her eyes, and set up a little she got a view of herself in a mirror and was terribly shocked at her swollen and discolored face and person. But the doctor assured her that the discolorations would soon disappear, and that she would not be badly marked. She was glad to hear this, for her lover's sake, who she thought would be grieved to see her badly disfigured. But she was happy to believe that her own and her family's health would be re-established, so that there need be no disappointment in Bailey's arrangement. The simple girl earnestly returned thanks to heaven that she was spared, for his sake, as during her illness, the thought of his sorrow for his loss, had been the most of her fears.

As soon as all danger of infection was over, Mr. Bailey hastened to visit his betrothed. But when he saw her weak and emaciated, her hair gone, and her head covered with a close cap, her face swollen in spots and blotched with purple, he shrunk from the lean, spotted hand she extended toward him, sank back upon a sofa, and gave way to tears. Lucy was surprised. His emotion might have been sympathy for what she had undergone, but there was not tenderness in it.

There is no danger, I assure you, she said, and offered to take his hand. He recoiled with a shudder, exclaiming—don't touch me! I cannot recognize in you, the object of my affection. Oh! it were better to have died, than to live such a wreck of all loveliness. I am utterly bereaved. I cannot marry you, as you are now. I would give the world had I not seen you. Good bye, Lucy. I shall die if I remain in your presence. Forgive me. I am more unhappy than you can be. And he hurried out of the house and departed.

For a while Lucy sat utterly confounded. She had never supposed the marting of her beauty could excite any other feeling than tender pity, in his bosom. He had exhibited utter loathing. At first she could not comprehend her misfortune, her brain seemed bewildered and dreamy, but at last the truth began to appear distinctly before her. All the scenes, from her first acquaintance with him, passed in review. She saw all his apparent excellencies, and all his affectionate words and actions. She remembered every link in the magic chain that had bound her soul to him. She reviewed all the hopes of the last year; and saw them wrecked around herself a wreck. A cry of the most intense agony escaped her, and she fell upon the floor just as her mother, summoned by her voice, entered the room. The doctor was called and soon concluded that something dreadful had occurred between her and Mr. Bailey.

Thirteen hours she remained without sense or motion, and then she revived, but her reason had departed. Very pitiful it was to see her, with her meek pale face and wasted form, lamenting for the death of her lover and parents. For tho' she knew them sometimes, she was haunted with the belief that her father and mother had died of small-pox.—Bailey she insisted had fallen dead at her feet.

And so she would weep, and sing mournful songs, in a low broken voice. And then she would pray for strength and resignation. In the meantime Mr. Bailey was drawn into a hasty marriage with a dashing young widow, who came as a visitor, to stay awhile with a family in the city. She was one of those women, who, without being handsome or amiable, attract by a certain polished boldness of manner, and dazzle men they cannot answer why. People accounted for the ill-advised marriage, by repeating a rumor that since his desertion of poor Lucy he